

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 15 No. 22

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Now is a

**Good  
Time**

To buy your Laces and Embroidery for the entire year while our

**Sale  
of  
Laces  
and  
Embroideries**  
is going on at prices that will save you big money

We are going to sell laces from 7 1-2c to 12 1-2c a yard FOR 10 DAYS ONLY, at per yard..... **5c**

Our embroidery prices range from 10c to 15c a yard; during this embroidery sale will be sold for a yard..... **8 1/2c**

We have in this sale a few pieces of embroidery banding and embroidery inserting that sold for 15c a yard at the price of per yard..... **10c**

Call early, for these prices will certainly move these goods, and if you are not on hand early you will miss some EXTRA VALUES.

**Kennedy  
Brothers**  
The Store for Everybody



Evangelist C. F. Trimble



Mrs. Edith Trimble

## THE REVIVAL AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Evangelist C. F. Trimble and wife, Mrs. Edith Trimble, of Hubbard City, are here and last night (Wednesday) began a revival meeting under an arbor near the Christian church. These evangelists have had much experience in evangelistic work and are highly spoken of by the pastor. All christians are invited to co-operate with them. Mrs. Trimble is a song leader and soloist, and asks all who will to join her choir. The night services begin at 8:30, and all night services will begin promptly at that time. The day services will begin at 10:30, closing at 11:30.

### WHEN YOUR LIVER GOES WRONG

Nearly Everybody Needs a Liver Stimulant at One Time Or Another

Nearly everybody now and then is annoyed with a sluggish, lazy liver or by constipation or by biliousness.

It is for this reason that Dodson's Liver Tone is such a good medicine to keep always in the house.

Either children or grown-ups can take Dodson's Liver Tone without bad after-effects and without restriction of habit or diet. It is a vegetable liquid with a pleasant taste, but a reliever of constipation and liver troubles, and entirely takes the place of calomel.

Porter's drug store guarantees every bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone they sell. It costs 50 cents per bottle and if you are not satisfied that it is worth the money, they will hand your half dollar back to you with a smile.

Don't be fooled by preparations imitating the claims of Dodson's Liver Tone. Just remember Porter's drug store will give you your money back if Dodson's Liver Tone fails you. That is a guarantee that guarantees. adv.

Cheese on ice any day in the week at Lynch's. Adv.

## NEWS ITEMS FROM PERCILLA

July 27.—Wet or dry? Dry! You win! Yes you have a cinch on that. Cotton is like the negro's fish—"shrunk up." If we don't have rain enough to start cotton to growing the yield of the fleecy staple will be very short indeed.

A protracted meeting began here today, conducted by Rev. Craven assisted by Rev. Crawford. We hope much and lasting good will be done. All Christian people should get in the harness and work for a good revival at this place. The harvest is ripe and the reapers are few.

Miss Lula Jones is on the sick list.

Mrs. Belle Daniels is still sick. Mr. Daniels has a nurse to take care of her.

Messrs. Walter Branch and Street Shoemaker made a business trip to Latexo Tuesday.

Dickey Bros. will begin repairing their gin next week.

We join the many friends in sympathy with the family of the late W. T. Warner. We have been acquainted with Mr. Warner for some time, and found him a Christian gentleman, always ready and willing to work for the upbuilding of humanity.

Miss Della Rains, who has been attending the Sam Houston Normal is visiting friends here

and everyone gave her a hearty welcome. The children are anxious for school to start, as Miss Rains is to be their teacher.

Mrs. J. C. Watts, who has been visiting home folks here, has returned to her home at Guthrie, Okla.

News has just been received from New Mexico of the death of Mrs. Jack Jones, and we learned that her body will be shipped here and interred in the Evergreen Cemetery.

Uncle Daniel McKenzie has been real sick for some time, but we are glad to learn he is better. JAMES R.

### Notice To Farmers

Mr. L. B. Bright, with headquarters at Trinity, Texas, is hereby appointed special cotton contracting agent for the Southern States Cotton Corporation, Dallas, Texas, and is now contracting in the counties of Trinity, Polk and Houston. If you want 15 cents per pound for your cotton see him.

He will be at Grapeland for the purpose of contracting for cotton at 15 cents per pound next Monday, August 4th, Crockett, 5th, Lovelady, 6th.

Adv. J. S. CORLEY, Vice-Pres.

Buy your cotton sacks from J. L. Tims, east side. adv

Misses Fannie and Etta Pridgen or Daly's were the guests of friends here last week.

## Ginners and Mill Men

It will pay you to see us and get our prices on rubber and leather belting, lace leather, babbitt metal, engine and cylinder oils, packing, bagging and ties. Also brick, lime, cement, doors and windows, barb wire, hog fencing, nails, paint and building material.

### On Hand and to Arrive

Studebaker, Leudinghaus and Fort Smith Wagons, in both standard and wide tires. See us for prices and terms which will be made to suit you.

Respectfully,

**Geo. E. Darsey**

Dealer in Everything. Grapeland, Texas

Our Store Closes Every Day at 6:30 Except Saturdays



NAME OF OWNER	Abst. No.	ORIGINAL GRANTEE	Acres Delqt.	Total Taxes.
Unknown	652	Jno. Kerchoffer	110	5 60
Unknown	655	B. F. Kerr	170	6 23
Unknown	656	B. F. Kerr	174	6 37
Unknown	673	G. W. Leak	310	13 63
Unknown	674	M. J. Ledbetter	67	4 26
Unknown	676	S. J. W. Long	66	2 41
Unknown	678	J. B. Langham	61	2 20
Unknown	709	J. Masters, Sr.	177	12 24
Unknown	710	H. Morris	38	1 23
Unknown	711	J. Mora	236	15 14
Unknown	714	H. Masters	11	36
Unknown	719	C. E. Milton	127	4 69
Unknown	717	M. P. Mead	74	4 74
Unknown	720	P. Marler	38	1 92
Unknown	721	J. Murphey	24	87
Unknown	725	S. Mathews	85	4 34
Unknown	726	F. McNeal	90	5 49
Unknown	727	W. Morrow	150	9 62
Unknown	731	J. M. Milling	75	7 06
Unknown	750	P. Marchalk	35	1 80
Unknown	751	W. E. Milling	80	5 13
Unknown	756	L. McMahon	26	95
Unknown	761	McKinney & Williams	10	56
Unknown	762	McKinney & Williams	208	12 62
Unknown	773	McKinney & Williams	79	4 03
Unknown	789	D. McGruder	24	1 29
Unknown	797	J. J. Owens	16	84
Unknown	798	H. Orender	122	6 13
Unknown	811	L. Powell (57 acres cancelled)	240	15 40
Unknown	814	P. Parker	32	1 92
Unknown	818	J. G. Petet	20	78
Unknown	820	N. Parton	33	1 72
Unknown	822	W. L. Porter	32	2 17
Unknown	823	G. Poe	200	12 83
Unknown	830	G. H. Prewitt	56	4 33
Unknown	840	L. Price	80	4 69
Unknown	845	J. Pritchard	32	2 05
Unknown	849	P. Pevyhouse	29	1 51
Unknown	861	A. Porter	21	73
Unknown	864	R. Pennington	86	3 81
Unknown	865	T. Richards	185	11 55
Unknown	870	L. Reeves	15	1 75
Unknown	875	A. T. Rice	23	87
Unknown	896	H. Renfro	120	6 05
Unknown	897	R. Renfro	10	35
Unknown	901	P. Ragland	60	2 29
Unknown	903	J. Chamor	89	3 50
Unknown	909	J. M. Spillers	100	6 41
Unknown	920	S. W. Stowe	26	95
Unknown	922	J. W. Stowe	160	5 86
Unknown	924	B. Sublet	60	2 29
Unknown	929	J. Stewart	110	7 00
Unknown	936	T. Strother	49	2 61
Unknown	956	J. Sheridan	138	5 05
Unknown	959	W. Smith	113	5 80
Unknown	966	L. A. Smith	80	4 07
Unknown	985	H. Saxon	34	1 92
Unknown	988	Chas. H. Selmon	20	1 00
Unknown	996	A. J. Selmon	80	5 13
Unknown	1016	J. M. Smith	130	4 76
Unknown	1019	E. Tyler	674	34 16
Unknown	1027	M. Tomason	37	3 49
Unknown	1045	M. Tankersley	37	2 45
Unknown	1053	W. B. Vaughn	94	5 24
Unknown	1054	Thos. Vaughn	100	9 16
Unknown	1057	E. S. Vansickle	50	2 72
Unknown	1058	G. W. Wilson	50	3 15
Unknown	1063	T. Walker	80	4 03
Unknown	1065	W. White	32	1 61
Unknown	1073	J. D. Williams	61	2 20
Unknown	1076	J. Wallace	14	84
Unknown	1078	S. White	60	2 20
Unknown	1080	T. G. Walker	43	1 69
Unknown	1082	E. P. H. Wells	26	2 04
Unknown	1103	J. O. Wells	97	4 67
Unknown	1105	J. Wallace	160	7 62
Unknown	1108	J. Wortham	33	1 75
Unknown	1111	J. Young	75	3 82
Unknown	1112	H. Young	100	7 24
Unknown	1124	W. J. Walker	39	2 56
Unknown	1137	O. D. Key	40	2 45
Unknown	1144	S. F. Wall	100	6 41
Unknown	1165	N. G. B. Frazier	66	5 16
Unknown	1169	M. B. Martin	54	2 17
Unknown	1172	H. Griffin	49	1 83
Unknown	1178	C. Johnson	15	59
Unknown	1180	H. W. McCelvey	25	87
Unknown	1194	D. Alston	160	10 87
Unknown	1196	J. M. Dotson	83	3 07
Unknown	1198	F. Harris	108	5 14
Unknown	1200	O. Boston	18	89
Unknown	1215	J. I. Washington	47	2 68
Unknown	1227	R. C. Denton	160	5 86
Unknown	1269	J. P. Sanders	16	1 02
Unknown	1278	W. B. Hooks	54	1 97
Unknown	1301	J. Fitz (54 acres paid)	154	5 74
Unknown	1303	E. L. Gresham	99	3 66
Unknown	1306	L. & G. N. R. R. Co.	85	2 05
Unknown	1307	L. & G. N. R. R. Co.	88	1 59
Unknown	1309	T. Washington	29	1 19
Unknown	1311	A. Lovelady	90	4 53
Unknown	1313	J. G. Minton	15	58
Unknown	1314	T. J. McAlister	34	1 72
Unknown	1316	W. T. Saddler	66	2 41
Unknown	1320	L. Winters	20	73
Unknown	1321	H. Young	80	6 53
Unknown	1324	W. P. English	56	2 05
Unknown	1326	C. Masters	25	87
Unknown	1333	T. L. Wren	11	36
Unknown	1334	T. L. Wren	44	1 69
Unknown	1335	T. L. Wren	39 1/2	1 39

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County:

Greeting:—

G. W. Mobley, Administrator of the Estate of David Gordon, deceased, having filed in the County Court of said County, on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913, his final account of the condition of the Estate of said David Gordon, deceased, together with his application to be discharged from said administration:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, that by publication of this Writ for twenty (20) days in a newspaper regularly published in the said County of Houston, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for the final settlement of said Estate to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the August Term, A. D. 1913, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County in the city of Crockett, on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1913, the same being the 4th day of August, A. D. 1913, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

Witness, O. C. Goodwin, Clerk of the County Court of Houston County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at my office, in the city of Crockett, Texas, this the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913.

O. C. GOODWIN,  
Clerk County Court,  
adv Houston County, Texas.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Houston County, Greeting:—

G. W. Mobley, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Martha Gordon, deceased, having filed in the County Court of said County, on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1913, his final account of the condition of the Estate of said Mrs. Martha Gordon, deceased, together with his application to be discharged from said administration:

You are hereby commanded, that by publication of this Writ for twenty (20) days in a newspaper regularly published in the said county of Houston, you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for the final settlement of said Estate to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the August term, A. D. 1913, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County in the City of Crockett, on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1913, the same being the 4th day of August, A. D. 1913, when said account and application will be considered by said Court.

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O. C. GOODWIN,  
Clerk County Court,  
adv Houston County, Texas.

When the bowels feel uncomfortable and you miss the exhilarating feeling that always follows a copious morning operation, a dose of Herbine will set you right in a couple of hours. If taken at bed time you will get its beneficial effect after breakfast next day. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

If you are ragged, Clewis the tailor will clothe you. adv

Mrs. Geo. E. Darsey and children, Mary Lou, Lucindy, Murdock and Geo. E., left Monday morning for Galveston and LaPorte to spend a few days.

...Demand Drugs of Quality...

A little difference in the quality of drugs used or in the way they are compounded, often makes a big difference in the results.

Anyone who needs medicines or has a prescription to be filled should, as a matter of pure self-interest insist upon the best drugs and best service

We Offer Highest Quality and Best Service

You will find this a particularly satisfactory place to trade, as we provide exceptionally fine service and our prices are invariably right. We would like your trade in drugs and other things.

D. N. LEAVERTON  
THE LEADING DRUGGIST

ICE ALL the TIME!

Now handled in car lots and you can get it any time in any quantity.

NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS:

You can get ice on Sunday until 12 o'clock at the ICE HOUSE, near the water tank.

D. N. LEAVERTON

TO PROSPER AND GAIN HAPPINESS

according to thought scientists, requires merely to maintain the proper attitude to the world in general. The difficulty for many right at the start is the "proper attitude." We believe the one most important step for any married man or woman is to plan early the building of a good, comfortable home—not a palace necessarily, but a home in keeping with your income. There are hundreds of ways that a home helps one to attain the ends desired—prosperity and happiness. It gives you prestige, it anchors you to your general plan of life, it cuts down cost of living, etc. In building of wood you can begin modestly and as your wealth increases you can make additions and when the new and old are given a coat of paint it all looks new. See the point—lumber is your salvation—we've got it and THE PRICE IS RIGHT!

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY

PORTER'S EYE WATER

ONE BOTTLE GUARANTEED to CURE ANY CASE OF SORE EYES

PRICE - 25c

MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED

Porter's Drug Store

P. S.—We are located in the Shaver building, east side railroad

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-62

SEE CLEWIS

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF Cleaning and Pressing Tailor Made Clothing

**THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER**

A. H. LUKER EDITOR AND OWNER

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as second class mail matter.

**SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE:**  
 1 YEAR.....\$1.00  
 6 MONTHS.... .50  
 3 MONTHS.... .25

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address.

**PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—**Obituaries and Resolutions of Respect are printed for half price—2 1/2c per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

**OUR PURPOSE—**It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the moral, intellectual, industrial and political progress of Grapeland and Houston county. To aid us in this every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

Phones—Farmers Union System  
 Office.....27  
 Residence....67

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1913

**BRYAN'S VACATION**

As usual Secretary of State Bryan has done the unusual thing, and therefore, and also as usual, is getting a roasting from some of the press that has formed a habit of criticising the man from Nebraska. In fact this habit is so thoroughly rooted that it is doubtful if the papers could refrain. The latest commotion is caused by announcement that Mr. Bryan is going to deliver a few lectures on the lyceum platform, which he says is his way of taking his vacation. And this announcement was followed by the usual blow up of some of the papers. Now, presumably, if the secretary had announced that he would take a can of "bait" and go down on the coast and fish for a few weeks this same press would have sent special correspondents along to tell how he loafed, what he ate for breakfast, how he baited his hook, and weighed his fish. But to deliver addresses, and work and get pay for it is another matter altogether. Mr. Bryan does not happen to be the idle kind and therefore he must suffer the consequences. Awful, isn't it Samantha.—Palestine Herald.

Who in the thunder is W. A. Hanger, and what would he do with the governor's office?

All we have to say about the present dry spell is we thank the Lord it is no worse.

Uncle Sam has developed a very sore spot upon his anatomy, caused by the continual jibes of those greasers across the border.

Road building is one of the most ancient arts in existence, yet the people of today know less about road building than our ancestors.

In country towns four story buildings are sky scrapers. Jacksonville has one, and the papers say something every week about the "sky scraper."

There is something more to that break between Col. Wolters and Gov. Colquitt than has appeared on the surface. Probably it will turn up in the future.

Bulletin No 7762 to the Texas Press Gang: We haven't seen a slit skirt in seven days.—Palestine Herald.

Get out of the brush, man, and come to a live town. We saw one Saturday.

**HOW IS THIS FOR A ROAST?**

Work on the Houston county fair has been started by placing the catalogue in the hands of Fort Worth printers for execution. Just why this was done before getting estimates from Crockett printers we have no reason. No doubt the fair association had a good reason for its action. In Crockett there are eight printers—three in each newspaper office and two in an exclusive job office—who depend on Crockett for a living and who spend what they make in the city. Almost every cent they make goes back into the local channels of trade. At least one of them is a stockholder in the fair association, holding seven shares of stock. None of them, so far as we can ascertain, was asked for an estimate on the fair catalogue, which has been printed in Crockett for the only two fairs heretofore held and the workmanship of which was faultless. Both newspapers have been untiring in their efforts to push the fair. Money to pay for the printing of the catalogue is raised by soliciting ads from the local merchants, who have just finished a tour of the county advocating the patronage of home institutions. That their money should now go to Fort Worth printers, to be spent in Fort Worth and other places, is out of harmony with the doctrine that they have preached from one end of the county to the other. We do not know how they are going to attempt to reconcile matters or cure their "soreness" when they find out where their money went. Personally, the Courier has no complaint to make. The above information is given for the benefit of all parties concerned. That the fair association has made a blunder is self-evident. That it would have been better to have kept the money of Crockett people at home cannot be disputed. But, as a public journal loyal to home institutions and as a stockholder in the fair association, the Courier will not be deterred in its advocacy of everything that is good and helpful for the people of its home county and will entertain no spirit of spite or antagonism toward so great a home institution as a county fair because, as another home institution, it has been ignored by the other institution. A county fair, with the assistance of the local press, can be made to accomplish a great good for Houston county. Without the assistance of the local press it can accomplish nothing.—Crockett Courier.

The tobacco trust has declared a dividend of \$6,000,000. Every little "snipesucker" who sneaked behind the house to smoke the deadly cigarette helped to pay this dividend. Also the man who "chaws" and spits on the sidewalk.

Miss Jane Blount died Sunday at the home of her brother, B. E. Blount, of Palestine. The remains were shipped here Monday morning and interred in the city cemetery. Miss Jane lived in Grapeland quite a number of years, and has many friends throughout the community who will be grieved to learn of her death.

George Stovall has returned to his home in Willis. He was accompanied by Miss Josie White.

**LEGISLATIVE HAPPENINGS**

Senator J. C. McNealus of Dallas, declared that he would introduce a resolution to call a Constitutional Convention in Texas.

Representative Williams of McLennan and Senator Darwin, both have blue sky law bills to introduce as soon as the Governor submits the subject.

The House has rushed the Judiciary Appropriation Bill to the Senate, the final passage being 113 to 3. The bill carries more than \$1,000,000 a year in appropriations.

The Administration Bill, by Kirby, has been reported unfavorably, while the Kennedy Bill relating to the same subject, has met approval. The Kennedy Bill provides that the winning candidate for Senator must get a majority of votes cast, and his expenses shall not exceed \$5,000.

The Resolution by Westbrook to allow the members of the Senate to work in shirt sleeves was lost by a vote of 18 to 3.

Speaker Terrell is in favor of an appropriation that will provide for at least \$150,000 to build a new home for the blind at Austin.

Representative Jordan, McLennan, is considering a resolution for an investigation of the Magnolia Oil suit, in which a compromise of \$500,000 was accepted by the State. The original penalties asked were \$103,000,000.

Governor Colquitt has entered a bill providing that the \$500,000 Magnolia fine will be used to retire 3 per cent refunding bonds issued in 1910.

Senator Lattimore, Tarrant, wants the Governor to submit the liquor question, so that a bill may be considered prohibiting social clubs from dispensing liquor.

George Calhoun and Dr. Sam Kennedy are doing Galveston and the Cotton Carnival this week. They wired ahead to the hotel at which they are stopping to put on some more cooks, and no doubt the chief of police has on a large force of extra men.

**CASH DIVIDENDS ON GOODS YOU BUY**

By HOLLAND.

**S**OUNDS good, doesn't it? And the best of it is it is true. These cash dividends are paid on every dollar you spend, provided you spend wisely and buy goods that the maker believes in so strongly that he advertises them.

Advertised goods are not always the cheapest so far as the amount asked for them is concerned. But they are **INVARIABLY THE BEST.** And this makes them cheapest when all things are considered.

When you buy for the same money a better article than you have been buying you get a cash dividend on your purchase. When you pay less for an article of the same quality you get a cash dividend.

**THESE DIVIDENDS ARE PAID TO THE READERS OF ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS PAPER.**

**A LETTER FROM OLD GRAY**

Jones' Mill, July 27.—To discuss crop and weather conditions would only be reproducing an old chestnut that has been going the rounds for two months past and has been worn threadbare, suffice to say that it is extremely hot, and every day seems to be blazing its way to a higher degree of heat. We are powerless to do anything in the premises, we can only wait the result. The cotton proposition is again facing the farmers. The question is: What are we going to do about it? Is there no system to be agreed upon in marketing our cotton or are we going on in that pell mell way, crowding the price down by rushing our cotton to market? The past has taught its lesson, the present has its duty, the future has our hopes. Antrinite taps the key note when he says the speculation is the great obstacle in the way of better prices. To eliminate them there would be but few left in either house in Congress. If they are not directly interested they are indirectly. Hence it is one and the same thing. We would be glad to see a better condition of affairs regarding cotton, but there is nothing in sight at present. We can't expect anything of the cotton corporation. They changed their plans last fall and since that time every move they have made has been for the middle man and not the producer. The consequence is the people have lost confidence in them and we can't expect anything from that quarter. The leading men of the country should be up and doing something for the betterment of the cotton growers. It looks now as if we will have to wait and take the prices our bosses hand out to us.

While in Grapeland a few days ago, Mr. Henry Richards, one of the contractors of the brick work informed us that the work was progressing satisfactorily. It won't be long before the brick structures will be ready for occupancy. While in town we visited Mr. D. N. Leaverton's drug store. Indeed it was a treat to be there and enjoy the comforts and beauties of an up-to-date city drug store. The furniture is superb and shows a great deal of trouble and painstaking in selecting the goods for convenience. He has everything at his finger's end. The electric fans keep everything cool and makes one wish that he could stay longer. It takes no critic's eye to see that the proprietor is an enterprising man and desires to aid in placing the business of Grapeland on a higher plane.

No local news of interest. Health of the country good. People are busy gathering peas and fodder. As ever,  
 OLD GRAY.

**Closed Down**

R. S. Garland, manager of the Airdome Theater, informs the Messenger that the Airdome will be closed down for several days to install a new engine and dynamo, which have been ordered. They have had some trouble every night with the old engine, in that it did not run fast enough to charge the dynamo. With the new outfit coming, Mr. Garland feels confident that he will be able to furnish first-class pictures without further trouble.

**Mid Summer Clearance Sale**

Will Commence at Our Store, Saturday August 2nd, and Will run for ten days, closing Saturday, August 16th.

This will be a close out of all summer merchandise. Read the prices below and come to our store during this clearance sale. It will pay you.

1500 yards Valetian lace, worth up to 15c, clearance sale..... **5c**  
 2000 yards embroidery, worth up to 15c, clearance sale..... **5c**  
 10, 12 1-2 and 15c figured lace, stripe and plain white lawns, clearance sale..... **7 1/2c**  
 25c plain white and lace stripe lawn, clearance sale..... **18c**  
 25c and 35c dress goods, Ratine, Crepe, charmeuse, Poplins and voiles clearance sale..... **18c**  
 20c white linen, clearance sale..... **43c**  
 25c white, brown, pink, lavender linen, clearance sale..... **19c**  
 10c dress gingham, clearance sale..... **8 1/2c**  
 10c percales, clearance sale..... **8 1/2c**  
 6 and 7c calico, clearance sale..... **5c**  
 10c bleached and unbleached domestic... **8 1/2c**  
 10c extra heavy cotton checks, clearance sale..... **9c**

Men's, women's and children's low quarter shoes. Men's hats, men's and boys clothing, men's and boys' pants and overalls, men's and boys' shirts, men's underwear, ladies' waists, gowns, corset covers, hand bags. All of the above will be marked at clearance sale prices.

**FEW GROCERY SPECIALS**

6 lbs. good green coffee..... **1.00**  
 5 lbs. good roasted coffee..... **1.00**  
 1.00 buckeye coffee for..... **90c**  
 7 bars Clairette soap for..... **25c**  
 Many others as good.

**Traylor Bros.**

**"KEEP THE PRICE DOWN."**

## LOCAL NEWS

Dr. G. H. Black, The Dentist. adv

Fresh bread at Lynch's. Adv.

Miss Linnie D. Haltom returned home from Crockett Sunday.

Ladies' work a specialty. adv  
Clewis, the Tailor.

\$1.00 bucket French Drip coffee for 85c at Lynch's. Adv.

Plenty of cotton sacking goods at J. L. Tims'. adv

During Darsey's cut price sale you can save from \$2.00 to \$4.00 on a suit of clothing. Adv.

### For Sale

One full blooded Jersey male. Adv.  
M. E. BEAN.

Misses Mable Wherry and Fannie Driskell visited relatives in Crockett Saturday and Sunday.

Sam Parker of Manning came in Saturday night and spent Sunday with his wife and baby who are visiting here.

You will have 3 months yet to wear low quarter shoes. Hadn't you better see what Darsey has to offer at his cut price sale. adv

All sizes of window glass, Linseed oil, sand paper, paints, varnishes, etc. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morris of Dallas, and Mr. and Mrs. Billie Morris of Rosebud, are here visiting the family of W. R. Morris east of town.

WANTED—White girl who desires a good home to help with house work. See or write, Mrs. M. D. MURCHISON, Adv. Grapeland, Texas.

### Notice

I have a fine Jersey bull now ready for service at my lot. Service fee \$2.50 cash with a guarantee. J. W. HOWARD. (Advertisement)

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. Advertisement

Mrs. N. S. Herod died at her home a few miles from Grapeland Tuesday night of last week, and was buried Wednesday in the Guiceland cemetery. She is survived by a husband and several children.

The Messenger has just completed the 1913-14 issue of the catalogues for the Grapeland public school, and same will be ready for distribution the latter part of this week. The catalog has been changed completely and also the course of study.

Clyde Story is the new Justice of the Peace in the Augusta precinct, succeeding Walter Newman, resigned. The court first appointed J. H. Scarbrough, who refused the appointment, then Mr. Story was appointed and qualified.

### The Best Medicine in the World

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers. adv

Phone Lynch for fresh groceries. Adv.

Henry Coleman of Palestine spent Sunday here.

See Clewis, the tailor if your clothes are dirty. adv

Starling Boykin is at home this week for a few days vacation.

Read Darsey's cut prices on clothing, low cut shoes and hats. (Advertisement)

If you desire satisfactory work, carry your old clothes to Clewis. adv

Ney Sheridan and family of Crockett are spending the week in Grapeland with relatives.

We buy chickens and eggs and pay top market prices for them. adv  
J. L. Tims.

W. J. Bridges of Oklahoma is visiting relatives and old friends in the Grapeland community.

We keep a fresh line of assorted cakes. E. P. Lynch. (Advertisement)

Cypress shingles make the best roof. A big stock on hand. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv

It will pay you to investigate Darsey's cut prices on all clothing, straw hats and low cut shoes and slippers. Adv.

A lame back or shoulder puts a man on the retired list temporarily. The time will be short if Ballard's Snow Liniment is rubbed in. It relaxes the muscles, relieves pain and restores strength and elasticity in the joints. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

The Messenger is requested to announce that a protracted meeting will begin near Shaver's saw mill the second Sunday in August. Rev. J. W. Colwell will be in charge. The people will erect a large arbor to hold the meeting in, and extend a general invitation to all to attend the services.

### Causes of Stomach Troubles

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers. adv



## CITY MARKET

We are now located at our old stand on Second Street.

**Fresh Beef  
Pork  
Sausage, Hams  
and Packing House Products**  
**PROMPT SERVICE  
is Our Motto. Your  
Business appreciated.**  
**CASKEY & LIVELY  
PROPRIETORS**

## A Valuable Suggestion to Our Young People—Concentrate

Don't spatter a pint of brains over the vast field of art, science and literature. Don't think that a smattering of Greek and Latin, Analytics and college yells make one a learned man or fits him for business, and don't hitch a business brain to a Greek lexicon. Many a man becomes nothing by trying to become all. The shotgun uses much more ammunition than the rifle, but it isn't half as effective except on little game.

The professions are all over crowded; it requires half a life time for one to succeed in them, and half a fortune to begin success. With business it is not so.

Get busy; do things; life's too short for business men to spend effort on dead languages and other things two thousand years old, when living issues and golden opportunities are calling them on.

The things that business men want you to know are not taught in a university. They must be learned in a practical business training school like the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas. A school that has for years studied the demands of the business world, and with its own special prepared text books and "learn to do by doing" methods of teaching, are meeting them.

Their course of business administration and finance, Book-keeping, Shorthand and Telegraphy are thorough and complete and meet the demands of the business office. Young friends, there is no walk of life that you can pursue as successfully without a business training as with it.

Next week this paper will publish statements from many of America's greatest statesmen and business men as to the value of a business training. Adv.

Dr. W. D. McCarty and son, Clarence, spent a few days in the Island City this week.

### Notice

Dr. Cromwell will not be in his office from August 4th until August 12th. Gone to see his mother. C. L. Cromwell. adv.

### Our Cut Price Sale

We call your attention to our advertisement in this paper. We want to close out our stock of clothing, straw hats and low cut shoes before moving into our new building, and we hope that you will come and make your selection while our stock is complete, as these prices are only good until we move. Adv. Geo. E. Darsey.

### Card of Thanks

We take this method of thanking each of our neighbors, friends and physicians for each kind deed and sympathy shown us during the recent illness and death of our dear husband and father. We will ever cherish fond memories of them and may the good Lord abundantly reward them. Mrs. W. T. Warner Adv. and children.

Galveston Cotton Carnival & Exposition--Auto Races--July 24--August 3.

I. & G. N. Popular Low Rate Excursions for special days; Season excursion tickets on sale during entire period. For rates and particulars, see Ticket Agent, I. & G. N. Adv.

Nothing like it! What! The cut prices on clothing and low cut shoes at Darsey's. Adv.

## MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

If you want to buy or sell a farm or borrow money on it, call on us. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

## WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS

## WILL OLD AGE

FIND

YOU

DRUDGING

ALONG



There are two things that permit of a man stopping work, one willed and one against will. The accumulation of wealth permits a man to say when he will stop work. Physical incapacitation demands it. Will this demand find you without money in the bank

?

## F. & M. STATE BANK

### W. O. W. Attention!

The Woodmen of the World have decided to change the date of their big show from August 2nd. to August 16th, on account of two of their quartette of musicians being out of the county. In the meantime, BOOST.

A. E. Owens, Cap't.

We have one of the most complete lines of sick room supplies to be found, consisting of ice bags, hot water bottles, syringes, bed pans, rubber sheeting, thermos bottles, in fact anything for the sick room.

Adv. D. N. Leaverton.

The annual K. of P. picnic was held on George Calhoun's farm, west of town, Wednesday of last week, and a large crowd from here and quite a number from Crockett attended. As usual, a good time was had and the table was loaded with barbecue and other good things to eat.

M. S. and A. B. Spence have bought the Beazley gin at Reynard, and are now making needed repairs preparatory to handling the fall cotton crop.

### ECONOMIZE!

Don't throw your old shoes away!

You will be surprised to see what a difference we can make in their looks and service for 50c, 75c or \$1.00. Our prices are as follows: Whole sole sewed, and heel \$1.50; one-half sole sewed, and heel \$1.00; one-half sole sewed 75c; new heel 50c; heels built up 25c; rubber heels 50c. Reasonable price on repairing and patching and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Give your shoes to your mail carrier. He will, return them to you the second day. Pay him for the work and we will pay postage both ways. We mail them to you C. O. D. less the amount paid for postage. All work sent out same day received. Liberal commission to agents in every locality. Address—

PALESTINE ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

Palestine, Texas

adv A. N. HENRY, Prop.

J. R. Pennington and Jack Spence went to the Island City Saturday morning to take in the sights at the Cotton Carnival.

## IF YOU HAVE MONEY



in excess of your present wants, the most sensible thing to do with it is to START A BANK ACCOUNT

where it will be perfectly safe and subject to check. We offer a further suggestion—you cannot do better than open the account with us, as you are sure here of safety and courteous treatment.

## The GUARANTY STATE BANK

—GUARANTY FUND BANK—



# FRAN

BY  
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
O. IRWIN MYERS

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BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting.

CHAPTER II—She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave.

CHAPTER III—Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and is a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and, while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board.

CHAPTER IV—Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran admits at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory, in agitation, asks Grace to leave the room.

CHAPTER V—Fran relates a story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother.

CHAPTER VI—Fran finds Mrs. Gregory a sweet, sincere woman and takes a liking to her.

CHAPTER VII—Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend now dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens.

CHAPTER VIII—It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. She threatens to marry Bob Clinton and leave Gregory's service, much to the latter's dismay. Fran declares that the secretary must go.

CHAPTER IX—Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship.

CHAPTER X—Fran is ordered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran leaving the school in company of the two men, to the amazement of the scandal-mongers of the town.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The New Bridge at Midnight.

It was almost time for summer vacation. Like all conscientious superintendents of public schools, Abbott Ashton found the closing week especially fatiguing. Examinations were nerve-racking, and correction of examination papers called for late hours over the lamp. Ashton had fallen into the reprehensible habit of bolting from the boarding house, after the last paper had been graded, no matter how late the night, and making his way rapidly from town as if to bathe his soul in country solitude. Like all respectable habits this one was presently to revenge itself by getting the "professor" into trouble.

One beautiful moonlight night, he was nearing the suburbs, when he made a discovery. The discovery was twofold: First, that the real cause of his nightly wanderings was not altogether a weariness of mental toil; second, that he had, for some time, been trying to escape from the thought of Fran. He had not known this. He had simply run, asking no questions. It was when he suddenly discovered Fran in the flesh, as she slipped along a crooked alley, gliding in shadows, that the cause of much sleeplessness was made tangible.

Abbott was greatly disturbed. Why should Fran be stealthily darting down side-alleys at midnight? The wonder suggested its corollary—why was he running as from some intangible enemy? But now was no time for introspection, and he set himself the task of solving the new mystery. As Fran merged from the mouth of the alley, Abbott dived into its bowels, but when he reached the next street, no Fran was to be seen.

Had she darted into one of the scattered cabins that composed the fringe of Littleburg? At the mere thought, he felt a nameless shivering of the heart. Surely not. But could she possibly, however fleet of foot, have rounded the next corner before his coming into the light? Abbott sped along the street that he might know the truth, though he realized that the less he saw of Fran the better. However, the thought of her being alone in the outskirts of the village, most assuredly without her guardian's knowledge, seemed to call him to duty. Call or no call, he went.

It seemed to him a long time before he reached the corner. He darted around it—yonder sped Fran like a thin shadow racing before the moon. She ran. Abbott ran. It was like a foot-race without spectators.

At last she reached the bridge span-

ning a ravine in whose far depths murmured a little stream. The bridge was new, built to replace the foot-bridge upon which Abbott and Fran had stood on the night of the tent-meeting. Was it possible that the superintendent of instruction was about to venture a second time across this ravine with the same girl, under the same danger of misunderstanding, revealed by similar glory of moonlight? Conscience whispered that it would not be enough simply to warn; he should escort her to Hamilton Gregory's very door, that he might know she had been rescued from the wide white night; and his conscience was possibly upheld by the knowledge that a sudden advent of a Miss Sapphira was morally impossible.

Fran's back had been toward him all the time. She was still unaware of his presence, as she paused in the middle of the bridge, and with critical eye sought a position mathematically the same from either hand-rail. Standing there, she drew a package from her bosom, hastily seated herself upon the boards, and, oblivious of surroundings, bent over the package as it rested in her lap.

Abbott, without pause, hurried up. His feet sounded on the bridge.

Fran was speaking aloud, and, on that account, did not hear him, as he came up behind her. "Grace Noir," she was saying—"Abbott Ashton—Bob Clinton—Hamilton Gregory—Mrs. Gregory—Simon Jefferson—Mrs. Jefferson—Miss Sapphira—Fran—the Devil!" She seemed to be calling the roll of her acquaintances. Was she reading a list from the package?

Abbott trod noisily on the fresh pine floor.

Fran swiftly turned, and the moonbeams revealed a flush, yet she did not attempt to rise. "Why didn't you answer when you heard your name called?" she asked with a good deal of composure.

"Fran!" Abbott exclaimed. "Here all alone at midnight—all alone! is it possible?"

"No, it isn't possible," Fran returned satirically, "for I have company."

Abbott warmly urged her to hasten back home; at the same time he drew nearer and discovered that her lap was covered with playing-cards.

"But you musn't stay here," he said imperatively. "Let us go at once."

"Just as soon as I tell the fortunes. Of course I wouldn't go to all this trouble for nothing. Now look. This card is Fran—the queen of hearts. This one is Simon Jefferson—and this one is Bob. And you—but it's no use telling all of them. Now; we want to see who's going to marry."

Abbott spoke in his most authoritative tone: "Fran! Get up and come with me before somebody sees you here. This is not only ridiculous, it's wrong and dreadfully imprudent."

Fran looked up with flashing eyes. "I won't!" she cried. "Not till I've



"But Whose Hearts Are We King and Queen Of?"

told the fortunes. I'm not the girl to go away until she's done what she came to do." Then she added mildly, "Abbott, I just had to say it in that voice, so you'd know I meant it. Don't be cross with me."

She shuffled the cards. "But why must you stay out here to do it?" he groaned.

"Because this is a new bridge. I'd hate to be a professor, and not know that it has to be in the middle of a new bridge, at midnight, over running water, in the moonlight. Now you keep

still and be nice; I want to see who's going to get married. Here is Grace Noir, and here is Fran . . ."

"And where am I?" asked Abbott, in an awed voice, as he bent down. Fran wouldn't tell him.

He bent over. "Oh, I see, I see!" he cried. "This is me—" he drew a card from the pack—"the king of hearts." He held it triumphantly. "Well. And you are the queen of hearts, you said."

"Maybe I am," said Fran, rather breathlessly, "but whose hearts are we king and queen of? That's what I want to find out." And she showed her teeth at him.

"We can draw and see," he suggested, sinking upon one knee. "And yet, since you're the queen and I'm the king, it must be each other's hearts—"

He stopped abruptly at sight of her crimsoned cheeks.

"That doesn't always follow," Fran told him hastily; "not by any means. For here are other queens. See the queen of spades? Maybe you'll get her. Maybe you want her. You see, she either goes to you, or to the next card."

"But I don't want any queen of spades," Abbott declared. He drew the next card, and exclaimed dramatically, "Saved, saved! Here's Bob. Give her to Bob Clinton."

"Oh, Abbott!" Fran exclaimed, looking at him with starlike eyes and rose-like cheeks, making the most fascinating picture he had ever beheld at midnight under a silver moon. "Do you mean that? Remember you're on a new bridge over running water."

Abbott paused uneasily. She looked less like a child than he had ever seen her. Her body was very slight—but her face was . . . It is marvelous how much of a woman's seriousness was to be found in this girl. He rose with the consciousness that for a moment he had rather forgotten himself.

He reminded her gravely—"We are talking about cards—just cards."

"No," said Fran, not stirring, "we are talking about Grace Noir. You say you don't want her; you've already drawn yourself out. That leaves her to poor Bob—he'll have to take her, unless the joker gets the lady—the joker is named the devil . . . So the game isn't interesting any more." She threw down all the cards, and looked up, beaming. "My! but I'm glad you came."

He was fascinated and could not move, though as convinced as at the beginning that they should not linger thus. There might be fatal consequences; but the charm of the little girl seemed to temper this chill knowledge to the shorn lamb. He temporized: "Why don't you go on with your fortune-telling, little girl?"

"I just wanted to find out if Grace Noir is going to get you," she said candidly; "it doesn't matter what becomes of her. Were you ever on this bridge before?"

"Fran, Miss Grace is one of the best friends I have, and—everybody admires her. The fact that you don't like her, shows that you are not all you ought to be."

Fran's drooping head hid her face. Was she contrite, or mocking?

Presently she looked up, her expression that of grave cheerfulness. "Now you've said what you thought you had to say," she remarked. "So that's over. Were you ever on this bridge before?"

Abbott was offended. "No."

"Good, good!" with vivacious enthusiasm. "Both of us must cross it at the same time and make a wish. Help me up—quick."

She reached up both hands, and Abbott lifted her to her feet.

"Whenever you cross a new bridge," she explained, "you must make a wish. It'll come true. Won't you do it, Abbott?"

"Of course. What a superstitious little Nonpareil! Do you hold hands?"

"Honest hands—" She held out both of hers. "Come on then. What are you going to wish, Abbott? But no, you musn't tell till we're across. Oh, I'm just dying to know! Have you made up your mind, yet?"

"Yes, Fran," he answered indulgently. "It's something always in my mind."

"About Grace Noir?"

"Nothing whatever about Miss Grace Noir."

"All right. I'm glad. Say this: 'Slow we go, Two in a row—'

Don't talk or anything, just wish, oh, wish with all your might—"

"With all my mind and all my heart While we're together and after we part—say that."

Abbott repeated gravely: "With all my mind and all my heart While we're together and after we part."

"What are you going to wish, Fran?" "Sh-h-h! Mum!" whispered Fran, opening her eyes wide. With slow steps they walked side by side, shoulder to shoulder, four hands clasped. Fran's great dark eyes were set fixedly upon space as they solemnly paraded beneath the watchful moon. As Abbott watched her, the witchery of the night stole into his blood.

"That I might succeed," Abbott answered.

"Oh!" said Fran. "My! That was like a cold breath. Just wishing to be great, and famous, and useful, and rich!"

Abbott laughed as light-heartedly as if the road were not calling him away from solitudes. "Well, what did you wish, Fran?"

"That you might always be my friend, while we're together, and after we part."

"It doesn't take a new bridge to make that come true," he declared. She looked at him solemnly. "Do you understand the responsibilities of being a friend? A friend has to assume obligations, just as when a man's elected to office, he must represent his party and his platform."

"I'll stand for you!" Abbott cried earnestly.

"Will you? Then I'm going to tell you all about myself—ready to be surprised? Friends ought to know each other. In the first place, I am eighteen years old, and in the second place I am a professional lion-trainer, and in the third place my father is—but friends don't have to know each other's fathers. Besides, maybe that's enough to start with."

"Yes," said Abbott, "it is." He paused, but she could not guess his emotions, for his face showed nothing but a sort of blankness. "I should like to take this up serially. You tell me you are eighteen years old?"

"—And have had lots of experience."

"Your lion-training; has it been theoretical or—"

"Mercenary," Fran responded; "real lions, real bars, real spectators, real pay days."

"But, Fran," said Abbott helplessly, "I don't understand."

"But you're going to, before I'm done with you. I tell you, I'm a show-girl, a lion-trainer, a jungler. I'm the famous Fran Nonpareil, and my carnival company has showed in most of the towns and cities of the United States. It's when I'm in my blue silks and gold stars and crimson sashes, kissing my hands to the audience, that I'm the real princess."

Abbott was unable to analyze his real emotions, and his one endeavor was to hide his perplexity. He had always treated her as if she were older than the town supposed, hence the revelation of her age did not so much matter; but lion-training was so remote from conventions that it seemed in a way almost uncanny. It seemed to isolate Fran, to set her coldly apart from the people of his world.

"I'm going home," Fran said abruptly.

He followed her mechanically, too absorbed in her revelation to think of the cards left forgotten on the bridge. From their scene of good wishes, Fran went first, head erect, arms swinging defiantly; Abbott followed, not knowing in the least what to say, or even what to think.

The moon had not been laughing at them long, before Fran looked back over her shoulder and said, as if he had spoken, "Still, I'd like for you to know about it."

He quickened his step to regain her side, but was oppressed by an odd sense of the abnormal.

"Although," she added indistinctly, "it doesn't matter."

They walked on in silence until, after prolonged hesitation, he told her quietly that he would like to hear all she felt disposed to tell.

She looked at him steadily. "Can you dilute a few words with the water of your imagination, to cover a life? I'll speak the words, if you have the imagination."

As he looked into her eyes, all sense of the abnormal disappeared. "I have the imagination, Fran," he exclaimed impulsively, "if it is your life."

"In spite of the lions?" she asked, almost sternly.

"You needn't tell me a word," Abbott said. "I know all that one need know; it's written in your face, a story of sweet innocence and brave patience."

"But I want you to know."

"Good!" he replied with a sudden smile. "Tell the story, then; if you were an Odyssey, you couldn't be too long."

"The first thing I remember is waking up to feel the car jerked, or stopped, or started and seeing lights flash past the windows—lanterns of the brakemen, or lamps of some town, dancing along the track. The sleeping car was home—the only home I knew. All night long there was the groaning of the wheels, the letting off of steam, the calls of the men. Brouder Brothers had their private train, and mother and I lived in our Pullman car. After a while I knew that folks stared at us because we were different from others. We were show-people. Then the thing was to look like you didn't know, or didn't care, how much people stared. After that, I found out that I had no father; he'd deserted mother, and her uncle had turned her out of doors for marrying against his wishes, and she'd have starved if it hadn't been for the show-people."

"Dear Fran!" whispered Abbott tenderly.

"Mother had gone to Chicago, hoping for a position in some respectable office, but they didn't want a typewriter who wasn't a stenographer. It was winter—and mother had me—I was so little and bad! . . . In a cheap lodging house, mother got to know La Gonizetti, and she persuaded mother to wait with her for the season to open up, then go with Brouder Brothers; they were wintering in Chicago. It was such a kind of life as mother had never dreamed of, but it was more convenient than starving, and she thought it would give her a chance to find father—that traveling, all over the country. La Gonizetti was a lion-tamer, and that's what mother learned, and those two were the ones who could go inside Samson's cage. The life was awfully hard, but she got to like it, and everybody was kind to us, and money came pouring in, and she was always hoping to run across a clue to my father—and never did."

She paused, but at the pressure of Abbott's sympathetic hand, she went on with renewed courage:

"When I was big enough, I wore a tiny black skirt, and a red coat with shiny buttons, and I beat the drum in the carnival band. You ought to have seen me—so little. . . . Abbott, you can't imagine how little I was! We had about a dozen small shows in our company, fortune-tellers, minstrels, magic wonders, and all that—and the band had to march from one tent to the next, and stand out in front and play, to get the crowd in a bunch, so the free exhibition could work on their nerves. And I'd beat away, in my red coat . . . and there were always the strange faces, staring, staring—but I was so little! Sometimes they would smile at me, but mother had taught me never to speak to anyone, but to wear a glazed look like this—"

"How frightfully cold!" Abbott shivered. Then he laughed, and so did Fran. They had entered Littleburg. He added wickedly: "And how dreadfully near we are getting to your home."

Fran gurgled. "Wouldn't Grace Noir just die if she could see us!"

That sobered Abbott; considering his official position, it seemed high time for reflection.

Fran resumed abruptly. "But I never really liked it because what I wanted was a home—to belong to somebody. Then I got to hating the bold stare of people's eyes, and their foolish gaping mouths, I hated being always on exhibition with every gesture watched, as if I'd been one of the trained dogs. I hated the public. I wanted to get away from the world—clear away from everybody . . . like I am now . . . with you. Isn't it great!"

"Mammoth!" Abbott declared, watering her words with liberal imagination.

"I must talk fast, or the Gregory house will be looming up at us. Mother taught me all she knew, though she hated books; she made herself think she was only in the show life till she could make a little more—always just a little more—she really loved it, you see. But I loved the books—study—anything that wasn't the show. It was kind of friendly when I began feeding Samson."

"Poor little Nonpareil!" murmured Abbott wistfully.

"And often when the show was being unloaded, I'd be stretched out in our sleeper, with a school book pressed close to the cinder-specked window, catching the first light. When the mauls were pounding away at the tent-pins, maybe I'd hunt a seat on some cage, if it had been drawn up under a tree, or maybe it'd be the ticket wagon, or even the stake pile—there you'd see me studying away for dear life, dressed in a plain little dress, trying to look like ordinary folks. Such a queer little chap, I was—and always trying to pretend that I wasn't! You'd have laughed to see me."

"Laughed at you!" cried Abbott indignantly. "Indeed I shouldn't."

"No!" exclaimed Fran, patting his arm impulsively.

(Continued on next page)



"Now!" Fran Cried Breathlessly, "What Did You Wish?"

"Dear little wonder!" he returned conclusively.

"I must tell you about one time," she continued gaily. "We were in New Orleans at the Mardi Gras, and I was expected to come into the ring riding Samson—not the vicious old lion, but cub—that was long after my days of the drum and the red coat, bless you! I was a lion-tamer, now, nearly thirteen years old, if you'll believe me. Well! And what was I saying—you keep looking so friendly, you make me forget myself. Goodness, Abbott, it's so much fun talking to you . . . I've never mentioned all this to one soul in this town . . . Well—oh, yes; I was to have come into the ring, riding Samson. Everybody was waiting for me. The band nearly blew itself black in the face. And what do you think was the matter?"

"Did Samson balk?"

"No, it wasn't that. I was lying on the cage floor, with my head on Samson—Samson the Second made such a



"Poor Little Nonpareil!" murmured Abbott wistfully.

gorgeous and animated pillow!—and I was learning geology. I'd just found out that the world wasn't made in seven United States days, and it was such surprising news that I'd forgotten all about cages and lions and tents—if you could have seen me lying there—if you just could!"

"But I can!" Abbott declared. "Your long black hair is mingled with his tawny mane, and your cheeks are blooming—"

"And my feet are crossed," cried Fran.

"And your feet are crossed; and those little hands hold up the book," Abbott swiftly sketched in the details; "and your bosom is rising and falling, and your lips are parted—like now—showing perfect teeth—"

"Dressed in my tights and fluffy lace and jewels," Fran helped, "with bare arms and stars all in my hair . . . But the end came to everything when—when mother died. Her last words were about my father—how she hoped some day I'd meet him, and tell him she had forgiven. Mother sent me to her half-uncle. My! but that was mighty unpleasant!" Fran shook her head vigorously. "He began telling me about how mother had done wrong in marrying secretly, and he threw it up to me—and I just told him . . . But he's dead, now. I had to go back to the show—there wasn't any other place. But a few months ago I was of age, and I came into Uncle Ephraim's property, because I was the only living relation he had, so he couldn't help my getting it. I'll bet he's mad, now, that he didn't make a will! When he said that mother—it don't matter what he said—I just walked out of his door, that time, with my head up high like this . . . Oh, goodness, we're here."

They stood before Hamilton Gregory's silent house.

"Good night," Fran said hastily. "It's a mistake to begin a long story on a short road. My! But wasn't that a short road, though!"

"Sometime, you shall finish that story, Fran. I know of a road much longer than the one we've taken—we might try it some day, if you say so."

"I do say so. What road is it?"

Abbott had spoken of a long road without definite purpose, yet there was a glimmering perception of the reality, as he showed by saying tremulously: "This is the beginning of it—"

He bent down, as if to take her in his arms.

But Fran drew back, perhaps with a flush that the darkness concealed, certainly with a little laugh. "I'm afraid I'd get lost on that road," she murmured, "for I don't believe you know the way very well, yourself."

She sped lightly to the house, unlocked the door, and vanished.

(To be continued.)

#### Architectural Nondescripts.

It is the strangest thing that while churches, museums and the finest civic buildings are all more or less true to type, there is yet no finally accepted type for a shop. Were it not for their name plates and their plate-glass windows there would be nothing characteristic about most of them. Architecturally they are nondescript, expressing nothing.

## WHAT WILL CHRISTIANITY DO?

What will Christianity do? Not the Christianity of Christ, but the so-called Christianity of today.

Eugene V. Debbs has taken an unfortunate girl into his home to be recognized on perfect equality with his own family. Like the Master, he asks her to "go and sin no more." We all sin. It is upon the repentance of sin that we build our spiritual foundations. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," and if it is necessary to apply the teaching of Redeemer to all persons alike to be followers of Him. What is Christianity going to do about its double standard of virtue.

Our churches spend annually gigantic sums of money building costly churches and institutions of learning and in paying learned persons to discourse on the beauties of Biblical theories and they spend millions on men and women who travel luxuriously across the seas and live as luxuriously while they preach to the heathen. But right at our door women, outcasts from our churches, from our schools, from our homes, from our society, live the life of dogs, wallow in pollution, to finally go down to their lonely grave, when a little money, a little encouragement, might have brought about their salvation. Our churches have thrown open their doors to the fallen man, accepted him with equality, our Christian people have admitted him into their parlors, have given him their daughter's hand in marriage.

Now Eugene V. Debbs takes an outcast into his home as a daughter and says, "I challenge Christianity to live up to its standards in regard to this girl or to admit that its charity is hypocrisy and its professions only a cloak."

What will Christianity do?

The agencies that are supposed to represent His cause are now united and mixed and mingled so with modern society, with money, with class distinction, that the people who have most needed the influences, the charity of Christianity have never been reached.

Church conferences and associations may be held until the trumpet sound of the Last Morning; high salaried gents may parade in fine linen and preach to us; expensive choirs may sing of the beauties of Christian life; costly churches may reach their spires Heavenward in the noon day sun, but by the wayside between Jerusalem and Jericho is where the help is needed. But this is the person whom the priest and the Levite pass by, for they have business elsewhere.

No matter upon how grand a scale modern religion is maintained, the religion is censured, church conferences and associations, the high salaried ministers and the expensive choirs, have to account for passing the road from Jerusalem and Jericho and not stopping to lend aid. Heaven itself is aggrieved.

The bright star of human hope that rose over the plains of Judea so brilliantly finds the horizon of the Twentieth Century overclouded.

Thousands of wretched mortals, though human beings, see the faint glimmer of that star.

These mortals have bodies of

flesh like you or I. They have their temptations—but they may not have the strength of you or I to withstand them. They have human hearts. They have human souls. And to their ears, ringing down the halls of 2,000 years, comes the Master's command: "Go and sin no more." What will our Twentieth Century Christianity do? Is our religion only a cloak? Only hypocrisy? Will Christianity live up to the teachings of its Master? Heretofore the attitude of our religion toward the fallen woman has been something like this: "You have gone wrong, and being of that sex whose fallen can never rise, you are beyond redemption. Therefore, you are the scum of the earth. You are hereby ostracised from society in all its forms."

To fallen man society says: "Your sin amounts to nothing. It will never permanently injure you. You can support some good girl. You have money. Therefore you are our equal."

But our Savior taught that sin was sin, equally applicable to both sexes. He had but one standard of virtue. That was Christ Jesus. He forgave the fallen woman. And his teachings are supposed to form our Christianity.

But our Twentieth Century Christianity does not forgive the fallen woman.

Now, Eugene Debbs says, "I challenge Christianity to live up to its standards in regard to this girl or to admit that its charity is hypocrisy and its professions only a cloak."

The Master's command rings as clearly today as when it was uttered. Will Christianity do so? Morris Clews Bilfel.

#### Rheumatism and the Heart

Don't overlook the grave fact that rheumatism easily "settles in the heart," and disturbs the valvular action. The cure consists in removing the cause. Foley Kidney Pills so tone up and strengthen the kidneys that they keep the blood free of poisons and uric acid crystals, that cause rheumatism, swollen joints, backache, urinary irregularities, and disturbed heart action. Try them. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

Those accompanying the remains of Miss Jane Blount from Palestine Monday morning were Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Ney Carter, J. J. Blount, Woodie Carter, Miss Virgie Lee Carter.

#### Surprising Cure of Stomach Trouble

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stengle, Plainfield, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by all dealers. adv

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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It does not do you any good to make a big crop if you don't get a fair price for it.

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Which appear in Holland's every month are attracting widespread attention and they comprise only a small part of this big Southern monthly, which appeals to every member of the family. Order today from

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The name "Masury" means something. It designates quality. Just as the word Sterling stamped on silver indicates fineness and purity, the word Masury means the best—none other as good. It has taken 50 years experience to level up the standard of the Masury Paints to the high level where it stands today, absolutely pure pigments, pure linseed oil, "net weights and full measure," every can labeled, giving actual percentage, composition, etc. Sold by—

**T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY**

**Dr. Sam Kennedy**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store  
Main Street

## RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your **Rheumatism** Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects Etc. **Antiseptic Anodyne**, used internally and externally. Price 25c.

Accidents to the flesh will happen, no matter how careful you are.

**Ballard's SNOW LINIMENT**

Kept always in the house is a guarantee of prompt treatment whenever there is a cut, burn, bruise or other injury to the flesh of any member of the family. The sooner these wounds are treated, the greater certainty that they will heal without much pain or loss of time. It is equally certain that the torture of rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica, lame back, stiff neck and lumbago will be eased, and the disease speedily driven out of the body. If you have it on hand the suffering is short and the cure is speedy and complete.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

James F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

Stephens Eye Salve Cures Sore Eyes.

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TONSORIAL ARTIST

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## FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## No. Six-Sixty-Six

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

## In Memory of W. T. Warner

WHEREAS, in the Providence of God, He has seen fit to take from us our beloved friend and brother, W. T. Warner, we hereby offer the following resolutions of sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family and relatives; therefore, be it

Resolved: 1st. That it has pleased Him who doeth all things well to take from us a devoted husband and father, one who loved and cherished his household and with untiring love and devotion labored for their best interests;

2nd. As a member of the M. E. Church, we have lost one whose place is hard to fill in service to the church, as Steward, Sunday School Superintendent and leader in every good work, laboring at all times, even under trying difficulties, for the best interests of his church, and the general good and uplift of all about him;

3rd. As a neighbor, friend and citizen, we realize that one of the best has been taken from us, that he was true to every trust imposed and faithful to the end; a good man has gone, and we would say to the weeping wife and children: "Blessed are they which die in the Lord."

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in our church minutes, that a copy be sent to his family and a copy be furnished the Grapeland Messenger.

GEO. E. DARSEY,  
W. J. CLARK,  
R. B. EDENS,  
S. E. HOWARD,

Adv. Committee.

## A Good Investment

W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whitewater, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers. adv

Nathan Guice is visiting his brother at Longbranch.

Mrs. Hartt is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood.

Logan Martin of Fort Worth spent a few days here last week with his wife and baby, who are here visiting relatives.

Dave Warren is off for a weeks vacation and left Monday at noon for points in the extreme eastern part of the state.

Col. W. S. Wolters was up from his Trinity river plantation Wednesday on some business matters, and while in the city paid the Messenger force a pleasant social call.

Mesdames Will Ike Kennedy, Hugh Morrison, Dan McConnell, Jno. R. Foster Jr., and Logan Martin of Crockett are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Howard, having come up to visit their old chum, Mrs. Odell Faris of Lake Charles, La.

Don't use a cough medicine containing opium or morphine. They constipate the bowels and do not cure, only stifle the cough. Examine the label and if the medicine contains these harmful opiates refuse it. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound contains no opiates, is healing and soothing. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv.

# 20 PER CENT REDUCTION

## On Clothing and Shoes at Darsey's

Beginning Saturday, August 2nd and lasting until we move into our new store we will sell our entire stock of men's and boys clothing, men's, women's and children's oxfords at a great saving of 20 per cent off of the regular retail selling price. We do this in order to reduce our stock before moving into our new building, thus enabling us to have more room for our big new stock of fall merchandise. The merits and quality of our goods need no comment as everyone knows the high standard of Merchandise carried by us. Please note the following:

All \$17.00 Men's Suits at.....	<b>13.60</b>	All Men's 7.50 Linen Suits at.....	<b>6.00</b>
All \$15.00 Men's Suits at.....	<b>12.00</b>	All boys' suits at a 20 per cent discount.	
All \$12.50 Men's Suits at.....	<b>10.00</b>	All Men's low quarter shoes at a 20 per cent discount.	
All \$10.00 Men's Suits at.....	<b>8.00</b>	All women's low quarter shoes and pumps at a 20 per cent discount.	
All \$8.50 Men's Suits at.....	<b>6.80</b>	All boys', Misses and children's low quarters at 20 per cent discount.	
All Men's \$8.50 Linen Suits at.....	<b>6.80</b>	All men's, boys, and children's straw headwear at 20 per cent discount.	

The season for wearing straw hats and low quarter shoes lasts several months longer, enabling you to discard the ones you have and get good wear out of a new pair of shoes or hat.

Many of our suits are suitable for fall and winter wear in this section and you can get a fall suit at a great saving. These suits have Style, Quality and Service. A linen suit bought this year will look better after it is cleaned up for next years wear. Get your next Summer Palm Beach Now.

## Darsey's Dry Goods Dep't.

## RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

(delayed)

July 21.—Yesterday was a strenuous one down this way. Our steam gauge registered 100 pounds and he or she who does not feel tough this morning has a wonderful constitution, but the weather man sent a relief train in the way of a small tornado, which broke the heat in short order, but it was only one unpleasantness gave way to another. Guess there was considerable exchange going on around the Sandy City. Don't think there was a stalk of cotton in the field that did not wilt as if it had hot water poured on it, however it looks fresh of mornings and seems to be holding its own well, and a good rain would be helpful to both corn and cotton yet, and we are still hopeful as we stated some time ago. Have seen all kinds of times and weather and have not starved yet, but begin to feel a bit shaky about now, and the fellow that does not worry just a little bit over these things is either fit for Heaven or Hell or the asylum or has a good stiff bank account. The river which had a nineteen

foot straight rise has begun to fall.

Today the free work begins on the Grapeland road, and 90 or 100 wagons and teams have promised to help. P. L. Fulgham will be first boss and will have a number of subs. Surely the good road spirit is abroad in the land.

When a fellow gets a little taste of a good thing, he generally wants more in everything but religion. It seems that a fellow has got to get a whole lot before he wants more, or at least, become enthused.

Just think what a good preacher and singer they have just had in Grapeland, and no one had the time or the enthusiasm to even put a line in the paper after it began.

There is always more or less whitewash used in boosting a town or country, and there is no more harm to use whitewash in boosting a meeting than anything else that is intended to do good. Now, Mr. Editor, we do not blame you for it is enough for you to set it up and give space, tho from a glance one might blame you.

Mrs. Fox and Miss Jessie Meriweather have not got typoid as stated by the Times correspondent, but only had bilious

fever and are on the improve.

M. S. Spence was in our midst Saturday figuring with our gin men. Do not know whether any deal was made or not.

F. E. Butler is spending a while on the farm and is in fine spirits over the outlook.

The trustees have agreed on Miss Bertha Weisinger as teacher for our school.

Now this is not all we know, but enough for this time.

ZACK.

My Mamma Says - It's Safe for Children



CONTAINS NO OPIATES

## FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

For Coughs and Colds

SOLD BY D. N. LEAVERTON

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER